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A NEW FIELD IN AMERICAN ART

By MARGUERITE TRACY.

With original illustrations by Lyell Carr



A DISAGREEMENT.

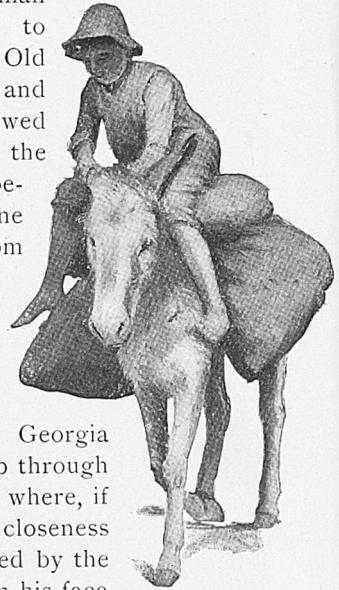
before Mr. Carr, with these exceptions, the illustrators alone had given us an inkling of the primitive people among whom he has become at home.

Those who have only known him as a decorator may fancy him entirely represented by the gothic room in the old Charities Organization Society Building on University Place, where they find him at work. But he feels as happy,

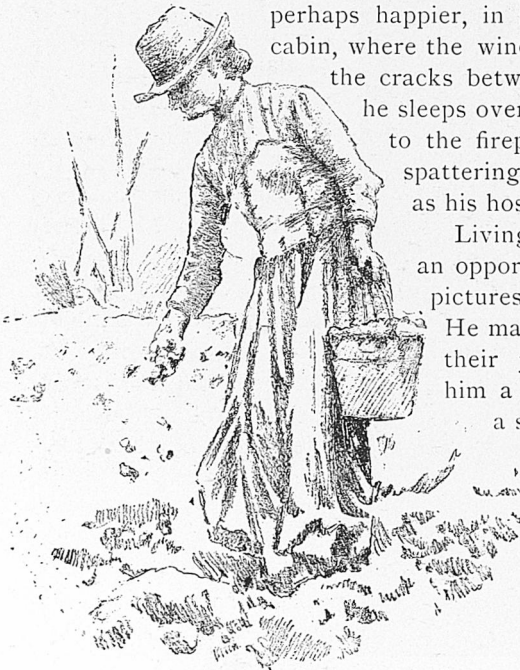
perhaps happier, in some one-roomed Georgia cabin, where the wind has clear sweep through the cracks between the logs, and where, if he sleeps over-well in favored closeness to the fireplace, he is wakened by the spattering of bacon grease in his face as his hostess fries the breakfast.

Living among them as he does, Mr. Carr has an opportunity to study their characters, and his pictures of them are more than superficial views. He makes himself one of them, understanding their jokes and their by-words, and they find him a genial comrade in spite of his possessing a strange sleight of hand.

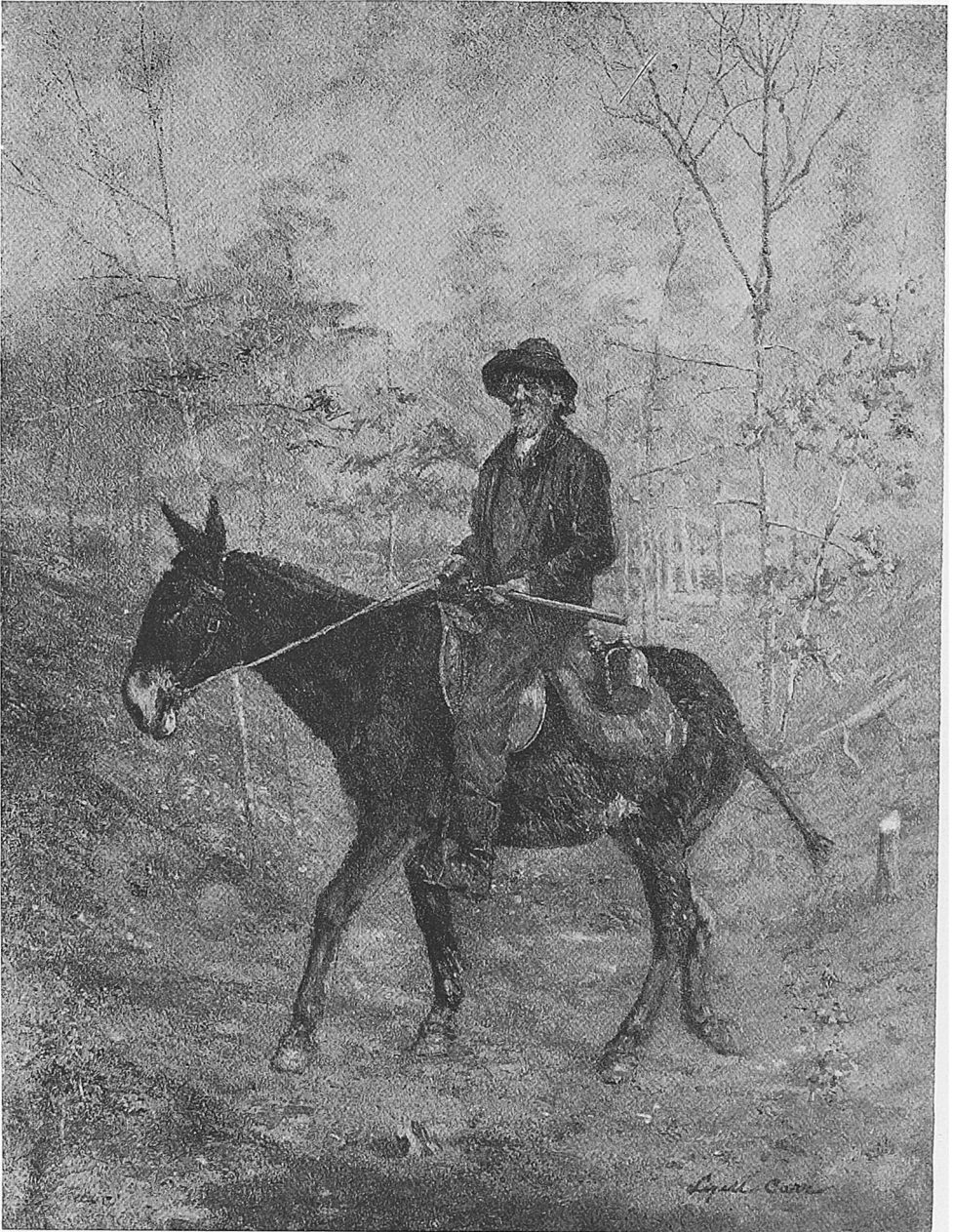
"We-uns ben bettin' 'bout you-uns," an acquaintance said, coming upon him while he sketched the donkey for "Hanging On." "This hyar feller 'lowed you-uns couldn' make a live donkey, an' I 'lowed as how I'd seen you-uns make all kind o' beastises, an' I fotched him ter see fer hisse'f."



HANGING ON.



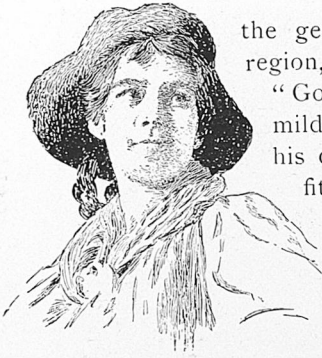
STREWING COTTON SEED.



GOING TO TOWN.

Mr. Carr made his visitors welcome and went on with his work. After watching the donkey's steady development the sceptic made the usual comment, "Wal, that beats me," and owned that he had lost the bet.

It is not only Mr. Carr's "beastises" that are alive. The rough, strong rendering that marks his style in these subjects is peculiarly adequate to expressing the types of the "cracker" people. There are a multitude of hard possibilities in even



THE MOONSHINER'S DAUGHTER.

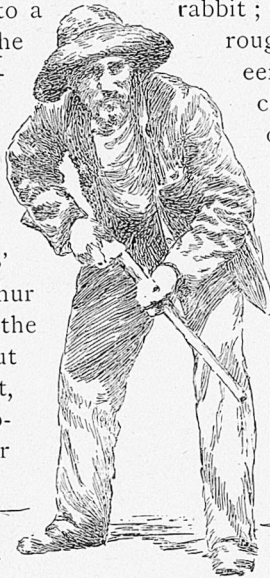
the gentlest aspect of this region, such as shown in "Going to Town." The mild-faced old man and his deprecating mule seem fitly placed in the hazy landscape that Mr. Carr's soft, warm coloring makes so true to nature. But the gun across the saddle-bow may be just as danger-



A CRACKER FIREPLACE.

ous to a revenue officer as to a his way cautiously through the to Mr. Carr and the mountain-cause, like the similarly named whiskey, he is very hard to

One phase of life that is tempted Mr. Carr last win-of chicken stealing was re-a piece o' cotton on de end o' on; den jes stick it in de sulphur an' den jes hole it up by the come co-flump. Den jes put home." A dark night is best, light is to dig out a small pump-replace the top; hide it under coop. The chickens re-one is the wiser. Mr. Carr darky with the glow on cotton under the chicken's



THE MOONSHINER.

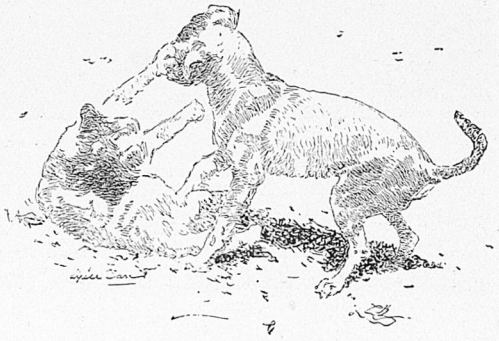
rabbit; and the mule that is picking rough mountain ravine is known eers as the "Blind Tiger," be-convenience for selling illicit capture.

not among these illustrations ter when the fascinating art vealed to him. "Yo jes put de stick, jes so, an' wine it an' stick on de live coal chicken nose an' down he him in de bag an' carry him and one way of carrying the kin and put a candle in it, your coat, and go into the vive after a while and no saw a picture in an old his face, holding his lighted nose, and it would have been painted but for the unfortunate obstacle that a negro in the dark is very much obscured.

Mr. Carr sees the picturesque side of Georgia life in the open routine of the plantations as



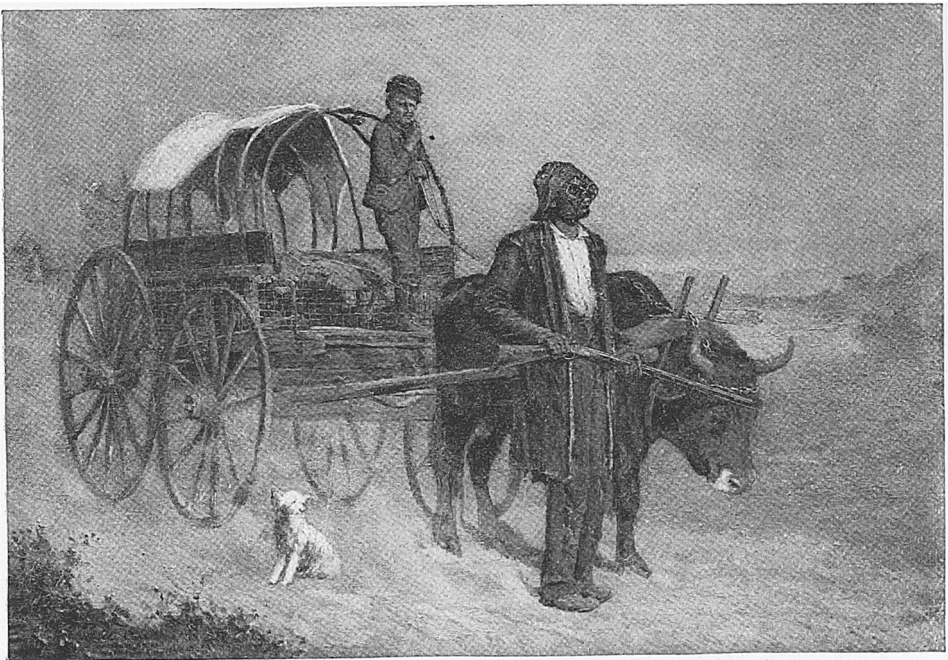
PICKING COTTON.



PLAYMATES.



PLANTATION COTTON GIN.



A GEORGIAN PEDDLER.



A HALT BY THE ROADSIDE.

well as in the irregular work of the exclusive moonshiners—the mountain “Four Hundred.” He interprets with sympathetic feeling the old cotton gin, the gin man on whom the cotton drifts like snow, the untrammelled owner of the plantation, the teamsters, the cotton pickers, and the old black peddler who has always time to wait for a good shot by the road.

The somnolent activity of the town has its attractions too, though he has only begun to touch on them. Three officers pass, each gripping the wrist of a most villainous negro, each with a Winchester across his right shoulder; and while the citizens see only a “bad nigger” on his way to the “calaboose,” artists recognize a subject after Veretschagin’s heart.

Mr. Carr’s prolonged studies in Paris made him master of the technique of his *métier*, and it is fortunate that during his subsequent wanderings in this country and Mexico the possibilities of other places claimed him only enough to give him firmer grasp of a subject which enlarges the scope of art in America; for it is but a short time since he first happened upon the quaint mountain folk among whom he has staked his claim, or heard the plantation negroes singing as they unloaded a train at sunset.



THE COTTON-GIN MAN.



BILL MANN.



A “CRACKER” CARRIAGE.